

Sea of Life

I walk toward the precipice of life, yearning for the summit.
At first a crawl, next a brisk walk, and finally a sharp dash for the peak.
Striving to reach that mark.
But why?
Why do we go through this journey searching for greatness, power, dignity,
when it will soon decline into a new life of reflection?
I reach this peak and on my way down, I stumble across a clear pool of water.
As I creep closer to the sea of life,
I can see my reflection, not just an image, but an accomplishment.
My whole life's work lying limply in front of me.
I softly touch the replenishing abyss, only to see it ripple away in all directions.
The waves undulate slightly, like a wheat filled pasture swaying in the breeze,
Only to return to a calmness, tranquility, peace, like the eye of a hurricane,
Temporary relief, refuge, hope: soon turned down.
Life is always the same. We stumble, climb, strive for excellence,
and for what? Recognition? Piety? Personal renewal?
Do we ever stop?
Stop searching for something better when it might just be with us all along?
Right in front of us, lying limply in a sea of life.